

# THE BELL RINGER

Montgomery Bell Academy

4001 Harding Road Nashville, TN 37205

22 April 2004

Vol. LX, No. 7

## On Founders' Day, A Portrait of C. B. Wallace

by JEFFREY ZAGER  
Staff Writer

Located on the 2000 block of West End Avenue, Wallace University School knew only one leader, Dr. Clarence Blaine Wallace. Professor Wallace, or "Botts," as his students affectionately called him, served the school as headmaster from its opening in 1885 until his retirement and the school's closing in 1941. Like MBA, the Wallace School adhered to values of gentlemanly and scholarly attainment. In fact, the school was founded at the instigation of several prominent Nashvillians who charged Dr. Wallace with the task of creating a school which would emphasize character and scholarship. Wallace's often-repeated description of his educational goals have a familiar sound: "to make men of integrity, honest men; to make men of refinement and culture, gentlemen; and to make men of sound learning, scholars."

Professor Wallace was a native of Virginia who received his bachelor's degree from Hampden-Sidney and his master's from the University of Virginia, where he claimed President Woodrow Wilson and Supreme Court Justice James McReynolds as schoolmates. After teaching two years at prep schools in Virginia and South Carolina, Wallace came to Nashville and found his

life's work. In the fifty-five years of his tenure, he made an indelible mark on the young men whose lives he touched.

The success of the Wallace School can be measured in many ways. A look at a list of the school's alumni finds scores of nationally-influential names, and the class of 1907 alone produced two railroad presidents, two pastors, a bank president, an engineer, a newspaper editor, an attorney and insurance company executive, and a medical school professor. Writers such as sportswriter Grantland "It's how you play the game" Rice and the comic poet Ogden Nash claimed Professor Wallace as their headmaster. Another indication of the influence of the school, and another similarity to MBA, is the number of graduates who sent their sons and even grandsons to their alma mater.

Professor Wallace, like the headmasters of MBA, never took sole credit for the excellence of his school. He always cited the fine faculty who assisted him in setting a high academic standard, and many of the teachers who began their careers at the Wallace School went on to distinguished teaching careers at universities throughout the country.

A surprising difference between the two schools surfaces, however, after a little research. Wallace School actually was coeducational at one time! However, a closer look reveals that there were only five young women, admitted as a favor to their fathers,

who studied at the school during the late 1890's. "Botts" himself was a vigorous supporter of single-sex education, and the school was exclusively boys for the rest of its existence.

Although the Wallace School closed in 1941 as Dr. Wallace's sight began to fail and most of its teachers were drafted into World War II, there are a few individuals who can still remember the legacy both of the Wallace School and of Professor Wallace. Fortunately, one of these few individuals is a dear friend to MBA. Mr. Joe Thompson graduated from the Wallace School in 1937, and is best known nowadays for his vivid and moving stories of World War II during assemblies. I recently talked with Mr. Thompson to learn more about Professor Wallace and the Wallace



Professor Clarence B. Wallace

convert the school's old gymnasium into a classroom building. The renovated building was named Wallace Hall in honor of Professor Wallace, and the Wallace Alumni were officially incorporated into what is now known as the MBA-Wallace Alumni Association.

Today, this alumni association funds the Wallace Scholarship, awarded to a student on the basis of high moral character,

outstanding citizenship, academic achievement, and athletic participation. (This year's Wallace Scholar, senior Christopher Schuller, is editor of *The Bell Ringer*.) These are the principles for which Professor Wallace stood and upon which the Wallace School was built. For some, Wallace might be little more than a name on a building, but in order to truly understand the history of MBA, one must understand the values which Professor Wallace helped instill in many successive generations of young men.



Joe Thompson in his younger days at the Wallace School. Now a regular feature in assembly, Thompson graduated from the school in 1937.

School. He recalled that Professor Wallace was a "great student himself."

His school was rigorous, and required four years of Latin, math, and history, along with two years of French—and that was the bare minimum. Professor Wallace had three simple rules: no smoking, no drinking, and no lying. And according Mr. Thompson, "You did what Mr. Wallace said."

After the closing of the Wallace School, many alumni, like Mr. Thompson, found MBA the natural heir of their alma mater, and in the late 1950's, the Wallace Alumni gave MBA a matching fund grant of \$75,000 to

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## SPORTS

# Baseball Wins Early

by CLAY COOPER  
Staff Writer

The 2004 Big Red baseball season is well underway. The season began on March 15 in Orlando with a narrow, 7-6 loss to Highland Park, Florida in a game that would set the tone for a disappointing spring break trip. The Big Red emerged from a long two weeks after this game, over which seven players served suspensions from the team, with a record of 2-6.

Upon the team's return to full strength, the tone of play improved greatly, with the team going 2-2 in its next four games, with wins over Antioch and Lebanon, and one-run losses to Hunter's Lane and Westminster of Atlanta.

On Wednesday April 7, the team left Nashville on a trip to the USA Classic tournament in Memphis, where it made a strong showing, with a record of 3-1, with the only loss coming to tournament winner Germantown in the final innings of the first game.

Regional play began on Monday the 12th, and MBA kicked off their run to the state tournament by sweeping rival BGA in a three game series, which was delayed by rain early in the week. Over three games, the Big Red outscored BGA 22-3, with shutout pitching performances by senior Brad French, who gave up only one hit in the first game of the series, and freshman Todd Miller. Wylie Jones dominated BGA from the mound in the second game of the series, allowing one run in 6 innings and frustrating the Wildcat hitters. At the end of the week the Big Red stood with a record of 10-9, undefeated (3-0) in region play, and with a great opportunity to secure a berth to the state tournament with a sweep of the upcoming

three game series against BA beginning Monday the 19th.

Upcoming games are against Brentwood Academy, for the rest of a three game series that began on the 19th, Centennial, Davidson Academy, Middle Tennessee Christian, Dickson County, Harpeth High, and Father Ryan, in another regional three game series. The regional tournament will be kicked off on May 12th



MBA's Michael Fisher slams a ball into oblivion

and hopefully your Big Red will make an appearance at the state tournament taking place from May 25-29 in Memphis.

This year's team is led by a core of eight seniors, among whom college plans have been laid for baseball careers at Georgia Tech, Vanderbilt, and North Carolina State. Senior pitchers Scott Pettus, Wylie Jones, Brad French, and Justin Games provide a solid front to match up against any opposing line-up, and freshman phenomenon Todd Miller has proven more than worthy to toe the rubber against varsity teams from around the state. With Cole Bourland, Matt Smith, Michael Fisher and Clay "Hard Body" Haury rounding out the senior section of the Big Red line-up, hopes are high for a state championship.

"We've just got to get there and let our pitching take over," Scott Pettus says, "and hopefully come out with a ring." Senior Brad French agrees. "I think our hitting is strong enough and our defense is great, we've just got to bring it all together for the tournament." Assistant coach Mike Anderson, an all-state catcher for the Big Red in '93 who played for the UT teams of the mid-nineties, puts it bluntly: "No other team works as hard as we do. This team has more talent than any I've seen in the state." Obviously, with such high expectations for the team's success this year, there is great potential for a strong performance in the second half of the season, and every possibility of a victory in the State Championship.



MBA baseball's core of eight seniors have signed scholarships to Vanderbilt, Georgia Tech, and NC State

## SIGNS FIRST

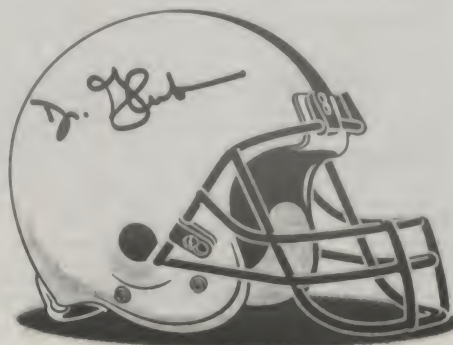
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## FICTION SERIAL

# "Messengers," Part 5

by CHRISTOPHER PICKENS  
Staff Writer

Milo swallowed. He could barely think. Return...return from what? Before time...what was that...what did those men have to do with anything...

Baal strode back to the rock to lean against it in silence, peeling back the wrapper of his own candy bar. Through a crunch, he offered, "Remember the dreams."

Until that moment, Milo had forgotten. For about a year, dreams of lights, battles, sun-drenched deserts, cosmic explosions, blooming flowers, rising tides, and fanciful parades dazzled his subconscious. But now, he could pick out one image. A huge wall of white stone, cornered by the sea. The White Cliffs.

"Did I know," he gasped aloud, "about this place? Did I anticipate this?"

Baal wiped his hands on his muddy pants. "Not only did you anticipate it, you saw it."

"Saw it?"

"Yes, you visualized this moment, with many other moments. That is how I found you. Your dreams gave you away."

Milo laughed. "And you found me that way?"

"More like calculated than found. You see, I search for specific images generated by the mind in REM."

"Rapid Eye Movement?"

Baal nodded. "I match those images with...others...and seek the person out. That is my task."

"But for whom do you seek these people?"

"Ahh," Baal said mysteriously, his glasses glinting in the moonlight. "I can't explain that now. But soon, very soon, you shall have your answer."

Baal stood again, stretching. "Well," he said, shifting his black frames over his nose, "it looks like it's about time to go."

"Go?"

"It is not wise to remain in the Re.D. zone for long."

Rather than ask questions, Milo was silent. He was skimming over new images in his mind that came to him, like bubbles to the surface of stagnant water.

Baal walked to the other side of the rock. Milo, still wrapped in his thoughts, did not realize the glow from the rock until Baal came back from the other side. Then something incredible happened. With a stiff gesture, Baal pointed at the stone across the divide. At first, the far rock stood black as night, but then it too started to glow, then flash and buzz as a blue-white light jumped over the space. Milo covered his eyes as the light hit the near rock with a crash. A cascade of light fell to the ground like a waterfall, but did not dissipate. A shimmering arc of energy reached to the ground between the two boulders, which stood more than one hundred yards across. Milo was dumbfounded.

"Time to go," repeated Baal, touching his fingertips to his glasses. "It won't hold for long. And please forgive me," he added.

"Why," Milo began.

With that, Baal promptly shoved Milo into the wall.

It was like flames and ice, love and hate, black and white. Two polar feelings at once pulling at him. He had his eyes closed, but could hear a huge rushing noise that nearly deafened him. Then, it was over.

Milo panted. He was still confused, so very confused. But he still opened his eyes.

Two huge blue streaks ran across his after-vision, shimmering and dancing so brightly that he could not see anything around him. But they faded, and he looked for the second time at a totally unknown world.

He was standing, not outside, but in a long, grey room. There were ten to fifteen empty obsidian doorways standing in a row in this hallway. A few benches stood along the grey walls, and nothing special about the huge expanse of marble beneath his feet. No windows, no chairs, no anything. Except these door frames.

A hand clasped him on the shoulder.

"How was the ride that time?" asked Baal. "Not so bumpy? I always said it was easier standing up."

Milo said nothing. Baal stopped smiling, and said in a most benevolent voice that belied his youthful appearance, "You have just passed through time. You might not believe it, but it was. Time, as was once thought, is not a linear entity. It is more like an endless flowing river. You just got out and walked up the river bank."

When Milo still did not answer, Baal went on. "Those two lines that appeared before your vision are the best evidence there is for that theory. We believe that time has burned an image upon you. That is part of why you are here now. Humanity is like the bed of rocks on the bottom of a river. But you stick out of the water, and time flows around you differently than others."

Milo was smiling. He knew. He knew all of this, for his dreams had explained it for him so clearly, and yet he could not see it until now. He felt why he was always different, why he had always had no friends, why he could not accept any action as binding. He had seen this place. He knew where he was without looking out the non-existent window. High atop a clouded mountain.

Baal was watching Milo's face. "I see I have chosen wisely," he muttered, almost to himself.

"Are there others?" Milo asked, still smiling. He did not know who the others were, but at the moment, he did not care. He just felt joy that he had never felt in his life until now.

"Of course," said Baal. "Let us meet them."

Baal twirled his staf over his shoulder and let his muddy boot-prints lead Milo out of the grey room into a lighted hallway. Strange panels and odd doors surrounded him. Milo wanted to look, but he walked on, up a flight of drab stairs into a magnificent scene. Carpets and oak paneling, fine wallpaper and chandeliers

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greeted them as a lavish hall four stories high surrounded them. Baal did not seem to notice the paintings and tapestries and sculptures and suits of armor that stood at attention around them. Plants and vases stood on squat display tables, and books encased in glass enticed Milo.

They came to two huge oak doors. The carvings on the doors depicted a hunter pursuing a lion whose tail turned into the gold door handles that Baal took in his gloved hand. He opened the door.

The hallway was nothing to the room inside. Milo could not remember so many antiques of so wide a variety in one place at one time. At the center was a huge fireplace, right in the center of the room, encased in an odd brick cylinder. And by the fire sat a man in a high-backed arm chair.

He was tall and wrinkled, balding and glassy-eyed, reading closely a small volume with his legs tucked beneath him. With the closing of the door, He looked up. "Ahh, Baal, back so soon?"

"I didn't run into so many this time, sir."

"Indeed, indeed." The man had an interesting voice. It was rich, but ancient,

high-pitched but forceful. His eyes glittered grey sparkles at the pair as they stood before him.

"And this is Milo, I presume?" he said, without getting out of his seat. "You did not have to pass him over?"

"He came along with a little talk, sir, yes."

Now the old man creaked up. He strode to the two, his crummy old bunny slippers clashing horribly with his orange bathrobe, but he seemed not to care. Milo was wary, but liked the old man's forwardness. He wanted to like this man, for it seemed that he held some sort of rank worthy of Milo's respect.

"Milo, My name is Mr. Spoarks."

"Hello," said Milo weakly, shaking the old man's hand.

"Do you know why you are here?"

"I can help you with something about time."

"More precisely, you can help us fight for time. You see, time is not free. It is our duty to keep up with time."

"And who are 'we'?"

"We are the Messengers of Beckoning," Mr. Spoarks said grandly.



# The Undestroyed Evidence Collection: Junior-



Defying picture-taking conventions, Clay Haury and Lee Noel wanted to be close to each other for Mr. Tillman's camera.



Jay Pilkerton and his date pose after some serious dancing.



Ben Turk is just happy to be here.



Chad Hume has spent all of physics this year learning how to be a chick magnet.



Estonian exchange student George MacKinnon with Haley Corenswet



The Clay Cooper couple; she's already tired him out by the look of it.



Ivie Murphy's and Dylan Richey's pre-dinner socializing is temporarily interrupted by JT's wandering lens.



Hank Neuhoff and Maryclaire Diller smile politely, noticing out of the corner of their eyes the dinner line suddenly growing longer.



The White twins; *The Bell Ringer* has used Adobe Photoshop to shorten the girls by at least two feet to avoid embarrassment.

Coming Next Issue...

Taylor Shope's Massive Car-of-the-Month Double-Header (The RX-7! The Toxic Green Swedish Escape Vehicle!); Interviews with Past Editors of *The Bell Ringer*; An Inside Look at Hiring New Teachers; The Biggest, Most Massively Interesting Entertainment Section Yet.

# Senior Prom, 17th April 2004 in the Theater



Ryan Burns tries his best to smile for the camera, even as his date performs the Five-Point Palm Exploding Heart Technique underneath his coat.



Joseph Palne and his date smile for the camera with the devious exchange student plotting in the background.



A look at the dancing throng. Prom was held in the theater for the first time this year, and organizers plan to make the change of location permanent.



Matt Nemer hugs his date to protect her from the scary cameraman.



Tony Camarata leaves plenty of room for the Holy Spirit.



You have our solemn promise that this is not what it looks like.



The sexiest thing in this picture has to be what Caldwell Tanner is wearing.



Ro Cheadle and Dylan Taylor-Smith shoot Mr. Tillman a pair of giddy grins.



Sam Hodgson and his date while the evening is still very young



"Hey, Taylor, it's Grant. Are you doing anything on the night of April 17?"

QUESTIONS? COMMENTS? PROBLEMS?  
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THE MBA PLAYERS PRESENT

**One Acts: Call It "What You Will"**

April 28 @ 7:00 p.m.

April 29 @ 8:00 p.m.

May 1 @ 2:00 p.m.



# 2004 Spring Sports & Doug Hall Relays



Prior to cleaning up so nicely for prom, Lee Noel presents himself to the camera in attack mode



What in the name of all that is good and holy is he doing inside that cardboard box?



Matthew Eaves and Brad French pause for a bit of chatter after a baseball game



Dr. Clark is a poster child for the horrifying effects on our dedicated faculty of Copy Machine Radiation Syndrome.



Scott Pettus, Clay Haury, and Preston Adams watch events at the track meet unfold.



Spring Sports means ample opportunity for dedicated spectators like these to show their school spirit.



MBA runners in action; both Freshman and Varsity track are dominating this year.



Adams Carrol grins devilishly in his Varsity Super-Hero costume.

## CALENDAR

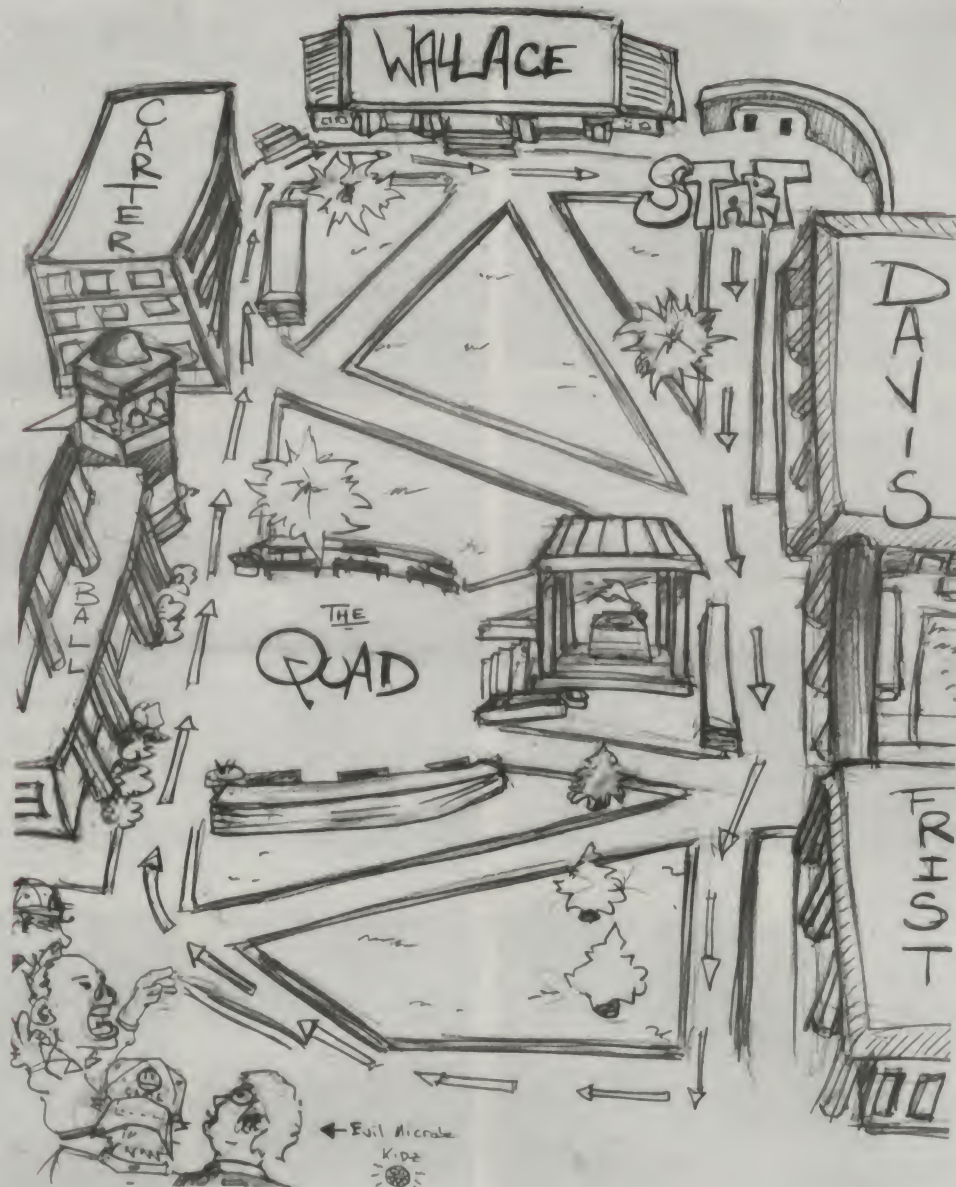
Honors Night: May 22, 6:30 p.m.

Commencement: May 23, 6:30 p.m.

**The Bell Ringer**

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## Classes Race to Celebrate Founders' Day



On Founders' Day 2004, in honor of the memory of Vann Webb, class of 2000, four high school sprinters representing their respective classes will race around the MBA front quad as the bells of the Ball Building chime the ten o'clock hour. Each class selected its fastest runner to run in the race, with Rich Tompkins representing the freshman, Drew Carney the sophomores, Ryan Burns the juniors, and Corey Burton the seniors.

The winner of the race and the class that he represents will receive a prize and a trophy, but even though doughnuts are the official prize, bragging rights for a year will certainly prove to be reward enough. For the trophy, the original suggestion was to use a hunk of metal from the iron forge of Montgomery Bell. Although Montgomery Bell didn't actually found the school, in 1855 he bequeathed twenty thousand dollars of the money he had made in the iron industry to the University of Nashville, and this bequest was later used in 1867 to found Montgomery Bell Academy. Such a trophy would be a clever idea, but one-hundred-and-fifty-year-old scrap metal is hard to find.

Regardless, the high school students will line the quad to cheer on their fellow classmates this Founders' Day in a nice dose of intra-school class rivalry. The whole event was inspired by the scene in the film *Chariots of Fire* in which two students at Cambridge University try to run around their quad in the time it takes for the school's bells to ring twelve times. Our race, however, will follow assembly at ten o'clock, so our runners will have to traverse the paths of the quad in only ten bell strikes rather than twelve. Can they do it? Will the event become a long-lasting tradition? Although only time will tell, the race has the potential to transform Founders' Day into a day of excitement and class rivalry. -- Max Douglas, with illustration by Bill Brown.